SUSTAINING

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS" (#86)

11:30-12:30 P.M. NOVEMBER 8, 1933 WEDNESDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: The hunter, the fisherman, the camera artist, and the bird and animal lover all find in our National Forests not only sport but many and varied things of interest. The mountain streams and lakes are nearly all stocked with trout and many other species of game fish. Forests and woodlands are the natural home of the deer and other wild life. Scattered over the National Forests are State and Federal game refuges for the purpose of providing breeding grounds for bird and animal life. Except within these refuges, the National Forests are freely open to legitimate hunting under State game laws.

Fish and wild life are important resources of our nation, now largely located within the National Forests, and, in cooperation with the States, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are constantly aiding in the protection and conservation of the fish and game resources.

Well, up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, we find Ranger Jim Robbins' young assistant, Jerry Quick, in charge today, as Jim has gone down to the supervisor's office on business. Billy, one of the guard force, is helping Jerry. -- Let's see how they're getting along.

(SOUND OF PECKING AT TYPEWRITER)

BILLY: There - there's that part of your durned old monthly report finished. Now what? -- Let's see - (READS) "Co-operation with Fish and Game Commission - Number of game law violations discovered" - Hey, there's nothing about that in your diary, Jerry -

JERRY: Huh?

BILLY: What'll I put under "game law violations?"

JERRY: None, I guess.

BILLY: All right. (CLICKS TYPEWRITER) -- Let's see - (READS) "Number offenders apprehended". Gee, that's a swell word. -- (READS) "Number of cases brought to trial".--

JERRY: Just leave 'em blank, Billy.

BILLY: Didn't you do any of that sort of work last month?

JERRY: Well, Jim, 'tends to game matters, mostly. I've never had much to do with game law enforcement since I've been here.

BILLY: It's part of your job, ain't it?

JERRY: Sure. All the permanent men - the regular force - on this Forest are deputy game wardens. We don't get any pay for it, but we help the regular State wardens, and if we run across any evidence of game law violations we act just the same as the regular State warden, -- see? -- Make the arrests, and all that.

BILLY: Then you gotta know all about the game laws, huh?

JERRY: Sure.

BILLY: Do you know all the open and closed seasons on game?

JERRY: (HESITATING) Huh? -- Yeah, sure --

BILLY: What's the season on quail here?

JERRY: Well - uh - Say, what're you driving at, anyhow?

BILLY: Nothin'.

JERRY: Well, there's one thing I sure do know. Turn around to the light and let me see that mug of yours.

BILLY: (SORE) What's wrong with my face? If you don't like it you can --

JERRY: When did you shave last?

BILLY: A couple of days ago. -- Say, listen, now --

JERRY: Don't get excited now - I'm not criticizing those classic features of yours. I'm just telling you that while I'm in charge of the Station here you've got to look neat on the job -- see?

BILLY: Yeah?

JERRY: Yeah. And when Jim's away, I'm in charge -- see? -- And look at that shirt you've got on -- why don't you wear a bib?

BILLY: Look here -- who's wearing this --

JERRY: Suppose some one comes into the Station here - they'll think we're a bunch of tramps --

(DOOR OPENS)

BESS: (COMING UP) My land. What on earth are you boys doing? Are you quarreling?

JERRY: No, Mrs. Robbins. I'm only telling Billy he better shave and put on a clean shirt once in a while. He looks like a tramp.

BILLY: This spot on my shirt --

BESS: I know, Billy - that's my fault really - I made you help with the dishes this morning, you know.

BILLY: Yeah, but --

BESS: Now you go and fix yourself up, Billy. Now that Jim's away and Jerry is in charge, we've all got to take orders from him, you know.

BILLY: All right, all right. (GOING OFF) I'll doll up like a Sunday dude for you --

(DOOR CLOSES)

BESS: Don't you think you're a little rough on Billy, Jerry?

JERRY: It takes plain telling to get <u>some</u> things to <u>some</u> people.

BESS: You must remember, Jerry, that criticizing one's personal appearance is a delicate matter. You may have offended him.

JERRY: Don't worry, Mrs. Robbins. He wouldn't spare my feelings if he could get anything on me -- Besides that's one thing Jim insists on -- that we look neat and clean.

BESS: I hope Billy isn't angry -- Jim would remind him without hurting his feelings.

JERRY: Yeah, that's true Mrs. Robbins. I hope some day with you're coaching and Jim's I'll get the knack of doing things a little better.

BESS: Oh now Jerry, don't worry. -- I must go now. -- Here comes someone, anyhow. (GOING OFF) Your first caller today.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

STRANGER: 'Morning, Ranger.

JERRY: Good morning, sir.

STRANGER: Say, Ranger, I ran out of gas just before I got to the top of the hill back yonder. Do you s'pose you could give me a tow back to town, -- or sell me a gallon of gas or two, maybe?

JERRY: I guess so. I'll ask Mrs. Robbins if she can spare some from her car. All I have here right now is a Forest Service truck and government gas, and I can't sell that, you see.

STRANGER: Sure, that's all right. It'd help me a lot if I could get some gas, though. My car's over a mile from here.

JERRY: Just a minute. (CALLS) Mrs. Robbins-- Oh, Mrs. Robbins. --

BESS: (OFF) Yes, Jerry?

JERRY: Can you spare a gallon or so of gas? This man's car is stalled up the road.

STRANGER: I'd be glad to pay for it, ma'am. It'd be a great accomodation, and I'm in a big hurry.

BESS: (COMING UP) Oh, that's perfectly all right. I'll be glad to help you. -- Jerry, you take this gentleman in Jim's car, and you can siphon out enough gasoline to help him out.

JERRY: All right.

BESS: It wont take you only a few minutes, and I'll watch the phone while you're gone.

JERRY: Okay, Mrs. Robbins. I'll be right back.

STRANGER: Thanks, Mrs. Robbins. You've sure helped me out -- more than you know. --

BESS: Oh that's all right --

(DOOR CLOSES)

(PHONE RINGS)

BESS: (ANSWERING PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station, Mrs. Robbins speaking. -- Oh, hello, Jim. Where are you, - still at Willow Glen? -- Oh, you're on your way home already? That's good. -- Jerry? -- Oh, he's all right, Jim. He just this minute went out. - You have a job for him? -- Oh, to catch a hunter who's been shooting quail out of season? -- Yes, I know. I'll tell him as soon as he gets back. -- What's that? A yellow roadster? - What does the man look like? - Oh, Jim, are you sure? -- Yes, yes, hold him for the game warden -- oh, dear, -- yes, I understand. -- Yes, goodbye, Jim. My, you've got me all excited! (HANGS UP) Oh, dear, what am I going to do?! -- (CALLS) Oh, Billy - Billy --

BILLY: (OFF) Right here, Mrs. Robbins. What's the matter?

BESS: Quick, Billy, you must take the truck and catch Jerry --

BILLY: (COMING UP) But I've got shaving lather all over my face, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: I know, Billy - wipe it off -- or something --

BILLY: Okay. What shall I tell Jerry?

BESS: Oh, dear -- tell him to -- oh, listen, Billy -- get that gallon demijohn on the shelf in the garage - and tell him to use what's in the demijohn instead of siphoning any gas out of our car.

BILLY: Huh?

BESS: Never mind -- hurry, Billy - and do just as I told you. Here - come and I'll show you --

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE) (DRAMATIC)

(DOOR OPENS)

BESS: Dod you catch him, Billy?

BILLY: (COMING IN) Sure. -- Why, what's all the excitement about, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I'm not excited. -- At least not now. -- My, you do look nice.

BILLY: Huh? -- I better finish shaving, I guess. And put on a necktie.

BESS: A necktie? My! Is that for Jerry or some girl?

BILLY: Aw now, Mrs. Robbins. -- I do feel better, cleaned up, at that. Only Jerry made me kinda sore the way he ordered me to go and doll up, as if I didn't --

BESS: Oh, I'm sure Jerry didn't mean to be impatient. It's just because he wants so much to have everything all right while Jim's away. He's not that way, really -

BILLY: Sure, I know he's a good sport, but --

BESS: Here he comes now --

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: (COMING IN) Hello -- Well, I gave that fellow the gas you sent Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Did you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. He seemed to be having trouble getting his car started when I left, though. But he didn't seem very anxious to have me stick around. Here's some quail he sent you for your kindness.

BESS: Quail!

JERRY: Yeah. It was kinda funny, too the way he gave 'em to me. You see, I noticed he had several packages in his car and he saw me looking at 'em, I guess, so he picked this one up and said it was a chicken somebody gave him. It felt kinda funny though, so I opened it and it was quail. He acted sort of embarrassed, but he kept insisting I ought to take 'em anyhow, so I thinked him and brought 'em along.

BESS Jerry Quick! Do you mean to tell me you don't know that it's closed season for quail in this part of the State?!

JERRY: Huh?

BILLY: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, you're the guy that knew all about the game laws!

JERRY: (SORE) Say, listen here -- I guess I --

BESS: Never mind, Jerry -- I'm sure that man was breaking the game laws. He must have given you the quail by mistake.

JERRY: Gosh all fish-hooks!

BESS: What sort of a car did he have, Jerry?

JERRY: A roadster - a yellow roadster.

BESS: Why Jerry! That's the man the game warden wants! Jim phoned just after you left - a message for you to arrest him and hold him for the warden. Jim and the warden are on their way up here now.

JERRY: Say - no wonder he acted queer when I discovered the quail.

(DOOR OPENS)

JIM: (COMING IN) Howdy, folks --

BESS: Why, here's Jim now!

JIM: Well, did you get your man, Jerry? The warden's waiting outside.

BILLY: Yeah, ask Jerry if he got 'im. (LAUGHS) He took 'im some gas to help 'im get away.

JIM: Huh? What's that?

JERRY: Yeah, I took him some gas to get his car started. And there I stood like a sap, not knowing he was a game violator.

BILLY: Yeah, he even gave Jerry some of his quail. (LAUGHS)

JIM: Gave you some of the quail, eh?

JERRY: Yeah. -- My gosh! Do you s'pose he thought -- do you s'pose he thought I was taking a bribe?!

BESS: He'll never believe you didn't know the game laws, Jerry.

BILLY: (BANTERING) Say, you better look out the warden doesn't arrest you for illegal possession of game killed out of season.

JERRY: Aw, dry up! -- Heck, and here I stand like a boob while that guy's getting away with it! Where's my hat?! I'll chase that guy clear across the country.

BILLY: Attaboy -- always get your man. (LAUGH)

JERRY: You shut up. -- Shucks, I bet he's fifty miles away by now.

BESS: I don't think so, Jerry. You'll probably find him just where you left him.

JERRY: Huh?!

BESS: Yes - you see, when Jim phoned and described him I was pretty certain that was the man the game warden wanted, but I wanted to be sure. So I just sent Billy with a nice gallon of distilled water for you to pour into his gas tank.

JERRY: Distilled water?! Was that what was in the jug?!

BESS: Yes. I thought maybe that would keep him from getting too far away before we found out for sure -- and if I was wrong I was going to send you back with some real gasoline and get him started.

JERRY: Say - you sure put one over that time!

JII: (CHUCKLING) Looks that way. -- I s'pose I might as well take the warden up after his man. Where'd you say he was?

JERRY: Up over the hill - about a mile from here.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JERRY: Gee, Mrs. Robbins, you sure got me out of a bad scrape. Say, maybe you'd better run this ranger district when Jim's away, and let me be the assistant.

BESS: (LAUGHING) No, no, Jerry --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (ENTERING) Well, -- back again.

JERRY: Did you find him, Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep. The warden's got 'im in tow now.

JERRY: He was still there then?

JIM: Yep - we found him kinda red in the face and cussing pretty bad. He was just starting to take the engine to pieces when we got there. -- By the way, (CHUCKLES) the warden thought that was a great trick of yours.

JERRY: Of mine!

JIM: He couldn't figure why you hadn't made the arrest, though, but he thought maybe you wanted to get back to the phone to check up.

JERRY: Did you tell him what a bonehead I was?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) No, not exactly - I told him you had the evidence here, though. He'll be coming by a little later for those quail. (CHUCKLES) I guess it didn't hurt his feeling any to make the arrest himself.

JERRY: No, maybe not --

JIM: The warden said to thank you for your cooperation --

BILLY: Haw haw - (SINGS) "Oh, the Colonel got the Croix de Guerre, Parley vous ---- "

JERRY: Go on, laugh, darn ya -- Say, Billy, next time I don't know something I'll ask you.

BILLY: Atta boy, Jerry. Come to me an' get the dope straight.

JERRY: Oh yeah! -- Well Jim, I guess I better go study up on the game laws.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Go to it, son. I reckon it won't do you any harm.

(THEME UP AND FADE)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like Jerry was pretty lucky in having Bess to help him look after the Pine Cone Ranger District.. --

Our National Forests are the country's great public hunting grounds. Thousands of hunters visit them every fall to try their skill. The Forest Service asks only that they cooperate with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers by observing the game laws, by being careful with fire, and by living up to the code of good sportsmen.

This program is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

(THEME UP TO FINISH)

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